"I'm for her," he told himself.

Once he saw her coming out of a De-

Sale. He heard her Rippling Laugh and

When he heard that she had gone to a

Summer Hotel, he trailed her and contin-

ued his long-distance Worship. He was

afraid to get too near for fear that he

Who was he, a Legal Worm, that he

should dare to crave a Word from those

Rosebud Lips or hope for a melting Glance.

from those star-lit Lamps? As for exe-

cuting a Clutch and swinging into the

Slow and Dreamy, that seemed only a

vague and far-away Hope of Paradise, and

The best he could hope for was to send

her a Box of long-stemmed Roses and then

go and let a Train run over him and maybe

she would condescend to attend the funeral.

That, or else he could save her life in a

Runaway and die with his Head in her

Lap. All he wanted was a Romantic Fin-

ish that would leave a Sad, sweet Memory

behind. He wanted a Guarantee that she

would think of him a couple of times and

he would be satisfied to play Village Dog

While in this desperate Frame of Mind he

met Mr. Buzzer, the moving Graphophone

and He-Vampire, sometimes known as the

Burned Edge of the Crust of Society. When

the unspeakable Buzzer said that he knew

Clarice and stood Aces and Eights, the

soulful Attorney wanted to throttle him,

for he could not believe that a real Diana

However, he accepted the Opportunity to

hold Converse with the Star of his Soul.

WAS AFRAID TO GET TOO NEAR.

Buzzer led him around the long Veranda

and at last he stood in that radiant Pres-

"Sis, I want you to know a Friend of

mine," said the well-known Safe Blower

He stood enthralled for at least one-

twentieth of a Second. Then Clarice got

"Oh, Cricketts! I seen you at the The-

ayter one Night," she said. "I was there

with Ollie Pozozzie, of Minneapolis. Me

and him came out just behind you. Say,

wuzn't that a Grand Show? I'm just crazy

about that 'Mamie, Mamie, Ain't it a

shamie?' When did you land here? Huh?

Oh, sure! This is a small Joint all right,

but they stick you for everything. Gee,

but I'm glad Mr. Buzzer came out. He's

awful good Company. I'm going out ridin'

to-night with He and a Friend of his.

When they found the Sentimental Attor-

ney in the Woods an hour later he was

barking like a Sea Lion and butting his

Moral.-Don't go around Cutting In, and

GETTING BOARD IN BOSTON.

The Applicant Must Pass a Rigid Ex-

Until one has tried it the difficulties of

optaining a boarding place in some of the

very beautiful but conservative suburbs of

Boston are not realized. You can pass a

insurance policy more easily. A young Bos-

ton newspaper man, who had decided to ex-

change the excitements of the city for the

quiet simplicity of the country, sallied ferth

bravely one day recently, but returned to

town wondering if he looked like a second-

story burglar or a sneak thief, owing to

the rigid cross-questioning he had received

started out he was well armed with refer-

ences of the most excellent character, but

when he returned he found that he had

been compelled to tell the entire story of

his life, and even then the matter had not

been settled. One gray-bearded gentleman,

living in a beautiful, old-fashioned house

not far from Roxbury, proved to be the

prize inquisitor of the lot. He placed the

applicant on the rack for an hour and a

half, firing questions at him with Maxim-

gun rapidity. When the late Li Hung

Chang was in this country he was noted

for the strangely personal questions he

asked all the people he met. The aged

Roxbury gentleman was able to beat Earl

queries as to the applicant's business, his

age, his family, the time he had lived in

Boston, and whether he was likely to be

know if the applicant had any friends, and,

ever, which appeared to be the most vital,

if so, who were they. The question, how-

was on the matter of being out nights. The

applicant finally, with tears in his eyes,

confessed that it was quite likely that some

nights he would be out until midnight or

later, at work, "W-a-1-1," drawled the aged

civil-service examination or obtain a life

amination

Come along! I'll stake you to a Girl."

then you won't know any Different.

Head against the Trees.

Boston Herald.

and Social Outcast known as Buzzer.

would triffe with a blue Cat-Fish.

would curl up and have a Spasm.

it was a Sin to waste time on it.

and die any kind of a Death.

Chapter 25. The father of medicine, IN whose skill in diagnosis has perhaps never been surpassed, distinctly mentions malaria as an illness calculated to cleanse the human body of many other more dangerous

"Another old-time physician whose name is scarcely known nowadays, Truka de Krzowitz, professor of anatomy in Tirnau, Hungary, published a book in 1775, in which he collected evidence from all times and climes showing the malaria to be a great factor in fighting cancer. The book is in Latin and very rare nowadays, but I hope that for the good of physicians the world over it will soon be translated into modern languages and published broadcast. AN ANCIENT BELIEF.

"I became especially interested in the portion of the book reporting how, in one particular instance, cancer of the breast was terances of a distinguished author and cured by the inoculation of malaria-there | critic whose avowed preferences disclose a is nothing new under the sun, you see.

"If that was posible once, with the old accepted standards. crude methods, why should it not be possible now, when science and surgery are so suppressed laughter spread among current

far advanced?" recent discoveries out of the question-we | brief space by a celebrated novelist's opin- ists to become successful," one publisher are powerless to cope with cancer except | ion of it. He pronounced it to be worthy of

with knife in hand up to this very day. gate malaria as a means for fighting the discernment of professional readers unmore deadly disease. Professor Gebhardt hesitatingly classed it with the excess litproved many years ago that healthy peo- erary baggage on which posterity resople inoculated with the blood of malaria | lutely refuses to pay the charges. by numerous practitioners.

promptly as any medical inoculator.

sons, though; I do not think any physician the whole, the damage done to the public's ducted under the management of Messrs, has a right, or should be allowed, to ex- taste is not considerable. are in the last stages of the disease, by ary criticism abounds in instances of er- encountering a funeral in this place? In transferring upon them, by inoculation, in- ratic deliverance by the oracles. Mr. Howcurable maladies or maladies that are ells, in his delightful reminiscences, has rerarely curable. I refer to a certain physi- | corded Emerson's opinion of Poe as a cian who, relying on Busch's discovery "jingleman," and of "The Marble Faun" as "mere mush." Voltaire held that that cancer and erysipelas cannot exist in Dante's reputation was safe because he the same body-one killing off the other, as | was not read by intelligent people. Goethe It were-inoculated cancer patients with erysipelas. The physician claims that he stopped the growth of cancer, but as he tions with Eckermann, he remarked: "I is able to control erysipelas (as we can irritable Carlyle is quoted as saying that gerous and even criminal.

RISKY EXPERIMENTS. sionally by inoculating cancer sufferers with consumption, claiming that consump-

tion and cancer cannot exist side by side, an assumption wholly false and unfounded. This individual, at least, did not do any bacillus from animals, it refused to 'take,' which fact may, or may not, argue in favor of Professor Koch's theory that man can- bad as the worst of them." not catch consumption from animals. "As explained, inoculation by malaria can

have no such bad effects as the malady may be terminated by simple means at the the people of the tropics, where malaria st common, are uncommonly free from cancer. This conclusion I reached after studying the entire literature on the case apportaining to all countries and climes. Fin the, I addressed myself to noted physicians in the hot countries, the majority of whom informed me that cancer was known by hearsay only in the parts where they practice. A friend of mine, Dr. Pagel, residing on the island of Borneo, wrote to say that in twenty years he had not seen a single case of cancer.

be more fully ventilated and inquired into. Physicians practicing in semi-tropical countries and in countries like the United States where the summer heat is very intense and malaria common, should gather statistics and help to decide the question of the re-

lationship between malaria and cancer. cancer. My own experiences were most encouraging and even at worst there is nothing lat, and any cancer patient would be his wonder by the reflection that neither glad to bear, for a short time at least, the additional annoyance of malaria, if there is hope that his life may be saved in the end.

And there is hope." DOCTRINE OF THEOSOPHY.

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 1, PART 3.) of the soul is now in sight of living men. keys of spiritual clairvoyance, clairaudicept their aid and teaching? We are made the national poet of mankind." sonal advantage. We spend our time feed- hardly yet been settled." ing, clothing and warming the shell. We gorge the animal, let loose the tiger, starve the mind, imprison the soul and entomb New York Times. the spirit. Man is in a dungeon; theosophy versal perfection; the eternal spiritual sun. WILL PERRY ADKINSON.

Indianapolis, April 18.

\$5,000 for Two Chairs. London Telegraph.

Owners of old Chippendale furniture have known for some time its enhanced market value, but few can be so sanguine as to fail to be surprised when they learn that a pair of chairs brought a thousand guineas yesterday. A wealthy collecter has been known to give as much as £1,200 for a set of four Chippendale chairs, but yesterday's price at Christie's is much greater in proportion. As it fell out, there was a well-sustained quel between Messrs. Duven and Partridge and in the end the former allowed his rival to pay £1,050-a smashing price, in a Gil bertian sense. There can be no doubt that the best of the arts and crafts just now are in extraordinary demand. Pictures have long since ceased to satiate the rich patron and he desires everything that is rare or decerative-the first preferred-as the contemporary artist or craftsman knows to

his sorrow Naturally, the Chippendale lot outdid everything else yesterday. The chairs have open backs, with pierced, vase-shaped centers, elaborately carved with scroll foliage. flowers, shell and gadroon ornament. The legs are carved cabriole and the seats are covered with damask. This is, we believe, the record price for Chippendale chairs, the nearest approximate price being 780 guineas. paid at the Cannon Hall sale, near Reading, in 1898, but these were state chairs, with silk needlework coverings.

CERNING WELL-KNOWN WRITINGS.

Influence of the Many Characters of Dickens-Relations of Publishers and Authors.

Philadelphia Press.

A good deal of unfavorable comment, both in this country and in England, has taste greatly at variance with some of our

reviewers when called upon to character-At the same time-leaving Von Leyden's | ize a fiction reclaimed from oblivion for a | ingratitude, "I have helped several novela place among the few masterpieces of some other publishing house." "These old examples led me to investi- story-telling in our language, whereas the

patients take that disease, and Gebhardt's | These eccentricities of opinion are, per- | populous enough to send a representative experiments were corroborated by the haps, more interesting than important. to Parliament. Let us enter. The style of greatest Italian medical investigators and Just as there is something not wholly hate- architecture is unparalleled. There is an inful to us-as remarked by Rochefoucauld- dividuality about the buildings. In some "And, as everybody knows, a mosquito, in the misfortunes of our friends, so also obscure way they remind us of human having his fill of malaria blood, will act as | we cannot fail to relish the revelation of | faces. There are houses sly looking, houses fallibility on the part of those whose brows | wicked looking, houses pompous looking. "But we can go still further: After caus- | we have wreathed. It is true a mischief | Heaven bless us; what a rakish pump; ing malaria, we can cure it. We can let | may be done through the written word of | what a self-important town hall; what a the illness proceed just as far as necessary a great man in an uninspired mood. Just hard-hearted prison. The dead walls are and then stop it. And this is what makes how great a mischief it may sometimes be covered with advertisements of Mr. Slearit valuable as a cure. There would be no is aptly indicated by that sturdy destroyer ling along. Mr. and the Misses Pecksniff use trying to save a person from cancer of critical reputations, Mr. John Churton come sailing down the sunny side of the and at the same time kill him with maiaria. | Collins, who deplores the consequences of | "That much known, there need be no Sir Walter Scott's idle and reckless judg- Dick Swiveller leans against the wall, his ing first stated their business and arranged 23,000, or from 32 to 35 per cent. At Gettyscompunction about employing malaria as | ment in assigning to William Dunbar the | hands in his pockets, a primrose held be- | for an interview by letter. a medicine. It is different with other poi- first place among Scotland's poets. But, on

periment on cancer patients, even such as | And this is well. For the history of literhas been credited with an estimate of "The Divine Comedy" but little less flattering; and in referring to Hugo, in his conversadoes not simultaneously announce that he think that 'Notre Dame de Paris' is the most detestable book ever written." The control malaria), his experiment was dan- George Eliot is "simply dull," and Thackeray thought that "Old Daddy Wordsworth may bless his stars if he ever gets high nough in heaven to black Tommy Moore's "Another physician acted as unprofes- | boots." Dryden had no great opinion of Shakspeare, and patronized him, just as Anthony Trollope came to patronze Thackeray-but in this case mere patronizing has given way to the fashion of unmerciful known these many years. Not a bit of it. dissection. And to get down to smaller men-Horace Walpole, who was taken seriously in his day, let fall in a letter this harm, for as he extracted the consumption | criticism of "She Stoops to Conquer:" "Dr. Goldsmith has written a comedy-no, it is | Philadelphia Press. the lowest of all farces * * * set up in opposition to sentimental comedy, and as

It was a curious oversight of Addison, to say the least, when he wrote "An Account of the Greatest English Poets" and omitted the name of Shakspeare; and it is only the essayist's due to note that he has not borne out the inference in what he set down physician's pleasure, one may say. In about the greatest poet in his contribudetermining on malaria as the remedy for | tions to the Spectator. Shakspeare has | en men of light and leading in New York | border, and without comment. cancer I had furthermore in mind that really suffered worse things, whether we consider Hume-just a century later than Dryden-with his dictum, "It is in vain we look either for purity or simplicity of diction:" or whether we attend a somewhat later lecture on rhetoric by Blair, and learn that "there is hardly any one of his plays which can be called altogether a good one, pleasure from beginning to end." It remained for Guizot, well along in the nineteenth century, to inform us that the Sonnets are "fugitive pieces which the poetic and sprightly grace of some lines would not have rescued from oblivion but for the curiosity which attaches to the slightest traces of a celebrated man,'

But, after all, Guizot was a foreigner, and few foreigners have approached Taine "Still I admit that the question ought to in his consideration of our literature. The latest of them-Professor Engel-has not done so, if one may judge of him from extracts. In calling Matthew Arnold "a poet below mediocrity" he will, perhaps, provoke a smile from some of his countrymen who know Arnold's poetry only through the medium of "Memories"-that tale of German lore which quotes the Englishman's "The Buried Life" in full. And then there is Professor Engel's truly ingenious query "In the meanwhile, however, malaria as to Coleridge and "The Ancient Marishould be used as a remedy against | ner," happily recorded by the London correspondent of the Mail and Express, "But why should the mere shooting of a bird call for all this?" He might have emphasized was there an Audubon society in those

Perhaps this only serves to emphasize what a delicate and elusive thing is poetry, and how the intellect alone, as we understand the term, is not able to appraise it. but must be associated with states of receptivity corresponding to the poet's own explanations in trying to account for the singular disparities in the judgments of intellectual men where poetry is concerned. | trouble to say. He has, though, one other | aptitude of a clever woman and the arti-All the inner spheres are in touch. By the Ruskin, for example, said some things means of finding out what is acceptable to ficiality of an incurable dilettante, is in posterity; and it does not help it with us ence, telepathy and psychometry time and to recall that he regarded "Aurora Leigh" distance have been annihilated. The uni- as the greatest poem of the nineteenth cen- gine's contents. Such letters he values, betury. The infallible judgment of time preverse is here and now. The saviors of serves that opinion only as a curiosity. the world are before us. The philosophers | Yet this particular infatuation is no greatwho pass from sight are at our side. The er than the blind admiration of Lord Byron for the poetry of Pope. "His poetry is the great and good of all the ages are around book of life," wrote the author of "Don us. Why do we not see them, take them | Juan." And again: "The most perfect of by the hand, feel their presence, and ac- our poets and the purest of our moralists let us hope that he will one day be deaf, blind, and obtuse by selfishness; the It seems strange that almost in the same rush and struggle for money, fame and per- year William Hazlitt remarked that "the question whether Pope was a poet has

Publishers and Authors.

"One great weakness in the management illuminates it. Man is a galley slave; of our literary affairs to-day," said a poputo do the best they could. Nowadays, with ably they find attraction in studying their

riedly and to produce superficial work." In these remarks there is unquestionably something that is true. On the other hand, they are not all true. In New York there

watch for genuine literary talent, and when it is found to foster it. To a young author, whose first books have already made him living salary for the reading of scripts three hours each afternoon for five devote the morning hours to his fiction. Another publisher makes heavy advance payments to a novelist, who was graduated from college five years ago, and who devotes a whole year to the writing of one novel. A fairly well-known magazine contributor, whose short stories have had ome success, was recently sent with his wife, on a living salary, to the mountains of Virginia, in order to write a novel. The recently been aroused by the published ut- publisher who pays the bill expects to receive his money back and much more from the sales of the book

All these facts make agreeable reading for those who believe that success in literature is so hard to win that it discourages many a writer of ability, but there is an-Again, not long ago, a contagion of half- other point of view worth considering. Many publishers who, in the past, have fostered authors say that they have been discouraged in the efforts by the authors' has often been heard to remark, "and then I have seen them carry their popularity to

The Influence of Fictional People.

Alexander Smith. ered together they would constitute a town tween his teeth, contemplating the opera of the afternoon you hear the rich tones of and as you know all the people as you know your own brothers and sisters, and, arm and you walk out to see poor Nelly's grave-a place which he visits often, and own hands. I know this is the idlest dreamshape. We suppose that boyhood with its impulses and enthusiasms has subsided with the gray cynical man whom we have It has escaped into the world of the poet.

Novel Founded on Fact.

gentleman in just this way and the result | bey. was a matrimonial tragedy.

Magazine Editors' Guide.

Magazine editors have not the stern criwork they have published. With the man who accepts a manuscript for a book, the suit for libel, which resulted in a verdict taste or not is soon settled, once the book is on the market and its excellences duly set forth by street-car and newspaper admood. One is, indeed, tempted to fanciful | vertisement. About all the magazine editor can do is to watch the notices of his current issue for what the critics take the which will not help his reputation with his readers, and that is through their voluntary letters of criticism or commendation for this or that feature of the magacause he believes not one out of 25,000 readers who have or have not been entertained her life. She is described as "nervous, him a note to tell him so. When one does go to such pains, and gets even so far as to buy a stamp and see that the note is posted, the editor has a feeling that thousands of others think the same way. He files these letters away; and the authors they commend are sure of respectful attention when next they send in a manuscript for the magazine.

Our Juvenile Novel Writers.

London Letter in New York Mail and Ex-

lish publisher, the other day, "has her own way of it in the home, and she seems to be theosophy emancipates him. It makes him her author recently, "is the indifference on getting her own way in fiction. It is a naive a free citizen of the universe. By it every the part of our publishers to real talent. spectacle to observe the daring plunges into animal is cased, every weight removed, All that the publishers seem to care for is historical romance of American young every chain broken, every mystery solved, the selling quality of an author, regard- women still in their teens, or barely out of 513 copies. Miss Wilkins's 'Short Stories' every chasm bridged, every missing link less of his real merit. In the end I believe them. The vanished regimes of the old supplied, every door upward opened, every that this policy is harmful commercially as | world have a strong fascination for these burden made lighter, every pain cured. well as artistically. The man with genuine ingenious daughters of the Republic, and it It dries every tear, mends every wrong. talent is sure to last longer and eventually the period, and the more corrupt the court, It brings eternal peace, joy and love to to pay better than the man who either suc- according to modern notions, the greater all the human race. Love is the key. Love ceeds by accident or by being 'boomed.' In the fascination. These youthful writers is the missing link. Love is the only uni- the old days many a publisher used to find profilgacy with assured and fearless tread, move amid an atmosphere of intrigue and it to his advantage to foster literary tal- and their familiar presentation of characent-that is, not merely to encourage writ- ters who could not get admitted into their ers by personal interest and by advice, but | parents' drawing room is at once vigorous by paying them so much a year, with the and aseptic. It is doubtful if old world understanding that they were to work in readers will accept their romances as either peace of mind and wholesome leisure and literature or information, but unquestion-



A COLD PLACE. Pat-Whin Skinner's gamblin' joint was raided me brother was the coolest

Mike-How was thot? Pat-Sure he was hidin' in the refrigerator.

man in the place.

the pressure of competition, it seems to me own past through such new and naive entrance on Fanning island, although it is that writers are stimulated to work hur- eyes as those of the innocent but enterprising young women of America.'

Mr. Howells Begs for Mercy. ECCENTRICITIES OF OPINION CON- are several publishers who take pains to Literary Bulletin. widely known without bringing heavy of successful authors, has been obliged financial rewards, one publisher gives a to plead for mercy from several classes days in the week. So the author is free to | thors who vainly imagine that he pro-

If Mr. Dickens's characters were gathey's circus. Newman Noggs comes shambneckcloth is white, and terribly starched. Codlings and Short. You turn a corner and for Sam Pinch has gone to live there now: consequently, require no letters of introduction, you go up and talk with the dear old fellow about all his friends and your friends, and towards evening he takes your which he dresses with flowers with his ing, but all of us have a sympathy with the creatures of the drama and the novel. Around the hardest cark and toil lies the imaginative world of the poets and romancists, and thither we sometimes escape to snatch a mouthful of serener air. There our best lost feelings have taken a human

A score or so of Philadelphians are acquainted with the authentic incident on Waters." He tells about a prepossessing son Gilder rather started me to thinking and suave young newspaper man, who goes | last month when he sent me back a humorto accept impromptu invitations to a dinthe mayor of a distant city who has won some distinction. The fact that they are to dine with the old gentleman is what prompts them to accept; but the young felow's purpose in bringing them together mat and strategist of no mean order. His wife has complained to her father of her husband's dissolute associations, and the ld gentleman has journeyed to New York to cause a separation. When the son-in-law gathers around his board on such short notice men of the highest repute and standing n the community the old man is amazed. Naturally he fancies that they are all intimate friends of their young host, when, as

Mr. Howells, according to the Harpers, albeit one of the most amiable and patient of correspondents; first, those young aunounces editorially upon their MSS., and, worse still, ask him to devote his already too scant leisure time to giving them his opinion and advice; second, autograph seekers, who ask for his signature, but who won't send a stamped and directed envelope containing a card to receive his autograph; and, third, those kind and appreciative people who ask him to lecture teach, exhort, or pray in public, none which Mr. Howells, upon any pretext whatsoever, nowadays ever does. As a matter of fact, Mr. Howells is sorry that he cannot accede to every request of his friends; but just in much the same way as a quart measure cannot hold a gallon, so it is im possible for an already overworked author o perform at the same time his labor and the larger labor of those many obliging actions towards which his inclination leads

Costly Books.

Philadelphia Record.

There are many publishers in this and other cities whose output is never noticed by the literary critics, for the reason that the volumes they get out are too expensive to be donated to newspapers, the weeklies and the monthles for review. There is, for instance, a publisher in Philadelphia who ssued recently an edition of Mark Twain at Anthony Hope at the high figure of \$750 for the set. He will bring out in the fall a fourvolume edition of "Confessions of Rousseau," for which he will charge \$100 a volume. But few people, save his patrons, know what he is doing, and his patrons are, chiefly, the millionaires of this city New York, Chicago and San Francisco, He class which is forbidden to enter office buildings. They are, on the contrary, imposing persons who travel luxuriously street. Miss Mercy's parasol is gay; papa's | through the country, and who never think of calling on a possible buyer without hav-

For the Ancestor Hunters.

W. L. Alden's London Letter. you meet the coffin of little Paul Dombey | We are to have a new quarterly review, borne along. Who would have thought of to be called the Ancestor. It is to be published by Messrs, Constable & Co., and it the organ for Miss La Creevy's first floor, will deal principally with genealogy. It the late Grant Allen, for he was one of the families and their origins than the herald's college itself, and I remember that he once my own whom no professional hunter had ever been able to stalk. He would have made an admirable editor of the Ancestor, and would have taken delight in the work.

Rather Suggestive.

New York Times.

"During the year that I have been geting manuscripts back from unappreciative editors," waid Charles Theodore Murray the other night, "I have observed a general tone of apologetic regret in the accompanyeditors feared that my feelings might be hurt. Of course I have become so hardened manuscript fails to arouse any feeling at I must confess that Richard Watous sketch of which I was especially fond in an envelope with a deep black mourning

Literary Notes.

The new history of Texas which President Roosevelt will write when he retires from ple, Tex., as the guest of Dr. Alexander plete collection of papers and data bearing upon the early history of Texas, particularly the revolutionary period, in existence.

The fame of the Bronte sisters has raise a matter of fact, he had merely a newspa- the Bronte museum and spend a good deal per man's nodding acquaintance with two of money in the town. Dove cottage, the of them and with the other four he had no home of Wordsworth at Grasmere, has 3,000 equaintance whatever. The incident of visitors yearly. The late District, aptly which this is an adaptation actually oc- termed the English Switzerland, has been curred in Philadelphia four or five years | popularized by Gray, De Quincey, Harriet ago. The invitations were accepted, dust | Martineau and Ruskin, Byron's fame draws | and one man." was thrown in the eyes of a distinguished a great stream of people to Newstead Ab-

The recent death of Thomas Dunn En glish recalls again the bitter controversy waged between him and Edgar Allan Poe in 1846. Poe had written a sketch of English in his famous "Literati" articles, majors, colonels and civilians, all; full well terion of sales by which to measure the which aroused the ire of its subject, who knowing that whatever little motes my popularity of any particular writer whose retorted in a violently personal attack on beamy eyes may have discerned in theirs, Poe in the Evening Mirror. Poe replied they belong to a kind, generous, largeto this by another article and also by a hearted and great people. question whether the public agrees with his of \$225 in his favor, money which aided him probably to fit up his cettage in Ford-

Vernon Lee, who for many years has about Italian things especially, with the private life Miss Violet Paget. She began to write when she was eighteen, and she published her book on the eighteenth century in Italy before she was twenty. She has stayed in Florence the greater part of or instructed would go to the pains to write hyper-sensitive, overcultivated, with an extraordinarily intelligent face and large, short-sighted, gray-green eyes, usually concealed behind a pair of uncompromising goggles.

A German publisher in Stuttgart has been endeavoring to make his fellowcountrymen acquainted with the best English and American fiction through translations. His efforts have not met with the desired response, and he sends to an English literary journal an account of his keen disappointment. The Living Age speaks as "The young American girl," said an Eng- follows of the sales reached by the books: "A translation of Barrie's 'Window in Thrums' in two years reached a sale of 202 copies. Blackmore's 'Lorna Doone' in seven years has sold 825 copies. Miss Corelli's 'Romance of Two Worlds' in the same time has sold 688 copies. Crawford's 'A Cigarette Maker's Romance' in eight years has sold have sold 417 copies in eight years; Miss Howard's 'Guenn,' 967 in twelve years, and Hawthorne's 'Scarlet Letter' 507 in four years. The price of these books, well bound in cloth, averages from two to three marks. On two only of the books has the luckless publisher got his money back."

TO LIVE IN CORAL HOUSES.

The Telegraph Operators Who Will Work on Mid-Pacific Islands.

The little coral reef in the South Pacific ocean, known as Fanning Island, is to be a resting place for the English submarine cable to stretch its long length from British Columbia to the Australian commonwealth. Although a mere speck on some maps, and entirely absent from most atlases, it has developed great importance in the telegraph system of the world. It lies 1,080 miles south of Hawaii, and, to be geographically accurate, is situated in latitude 3 degrees 51 minutes 23 seconds north and in longitude 15 degrees 21 minutes 50 seconds west. On this island the Pacific Cable Board, by which name the English cable company is called, has determined to establish its midocean station, expending thereon between \$100,000 and \$120,000 in San Fran-

The plans for the building have been prepared in this city by Henry H. Meyers, and provide for quarters for the telegraphic staff, including the operating room, a dwelling for the superintendent of the station, a carpenter shop, bathhouses, a lamproom, kitchens and a large reservoir for the catching and preservation of rain water for drinking purposes. The walls of these structures are to be of coral obtained on the island, but all of the other material will come from San Francisco. The coral will be covered with cement on the exterior and the buildings will be made as nearly fireproof as possible. They will be for the most part two stories in height. The telegraph cable station will be located at English harbor, the only shipping

nine and a half miles long and four miles wide. A peculiarity of the place is that it is not above two or three feet above the level of the ocean, excepting on the outer coast, where the rim of the coral has been thrown up by the action of the sea to the height of ten feet in some places. There are trees on the island, but they are mostly cocoanut, so that fuel, as well as drinking water, is a scarce article. The coral isle has been a British possession since 1798.

CIVIL WAR LOSSES.

Remarkable Casualties of Some of the Regiments, North and South.

Charleston News and Courier. In a speech in the House last week Mr Warnock, of Ohio, gave some facts relating to the war for and against the independence of the Southern States which are of general and lasting interest. We give the substance of some of his most striking statements, all of which are worth preserving for reference.

There were 1.882 general engagements, bat tles and skirmishes in which at least a regiment was engaged on either side. There were 112 general engagements in which the loss on one side or the other exceeded 500 killed and wounded. Including both sides of her size. She was somewhat attired in start in to drag the River." half a million men were killed or mortally a Whipped-Cream delicatessen Delirium wounded on the battlefield and a million with mauve-colored Galluses. When she

permanently disabled. The losses are compared with those in European wars. In the famous charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava there was a loss of 247 out of 673 men, or 36.7 per cent. There were 150 regiments in the American \$15 a volume. He also issued the works of war-seventy-five on each side-that lost over 40 per cent. In the Franco-Prussian war the greatest loss of any regiment in any engagement was that of the Third Westphalian at Mars la Tour, 49.4 per cent. In the American war 120 regiments of both sides lost more than 50 per cent, of the does not advertise. His books are sold by numbers engaged, some as high as 60, 70 and agents. The agents are not of that humble | 75 per cent., and one on each side lost over At Waterloo Napoleon had \$2,000 men and

256 guns, Wellington, with the allies, had 73,000 men and over 200 guns. The loss on each side in killed and wounded was about burg Meade had 82,000, with the Sixth Corps in reserve, and 250 guns. Lee had 72,000 and 200 guns. The losses were 23,000 on each side. The greatest battle fought in Europe was that at Leipsic. Napoleon had 175,000 and the allies 330,000. The losses were about 40,000 on each side. Mr. Warnock noted two instances of ex-

and a Confederate regiment, respectively: "On the second day at Gettysburg, when ought to appeal to the many Americans the Union army was driven back from the Emmitsburg road in disaster and defeat. General Hancock was making a wonbeen devised. It is a pity that the review | derful effort to establish a new line. He was not brought out during the lifetime of | had but one regiment at hand-the First Minnesota, numbering 262 men. While he best hunters of ancestors in England. He | was having the reinforcements hurried up, | Magazine. probably knew far more about English | he saw suddenly marching from a clump of trees Wilcox's Confederate brigade. saw from the position and rapid movements of that brigade that they would occupy, unless he could prevent it, the position that he regarded as the key to that part of the lines, the position at Little Round Top. Seeing the extremity to which he was reduced, he rode to Colonel Colville, commanding the First Minnesota, and, pointing to the advancing colors, gave the order: 'Take those colors,' Without a moment's hesitation the gallant Minnesotians charged upon those colors.

"A desperate hand-to-hand conflict ensued. The advance of the Confederate brigade was checked, but 215 of the First Minnesota Regiment were left upon that battlefield, dead or wounded and bleeding. The forty-seven, however, who went back carried the colors with them. That check saved that line from disaster on that which Robert Shackleton bases the open- by this time that the return of some of my | day. General Hancock, speaking of it afterwards, said it was the most gallant deed recorded in history. 'I needed,' he said, 'a few minutes in order to repair my lines. I saw that if I could not check the brigade that was advancing, my line would be broken and the position be lost. I would have ordered the regiment to make the charge if I had known absolutely that every man would be killed. I was glad that had a regiment so near at hand and willing to make this great sacrifice.' The loss to that regiment on that day was 82.3 per

In reply to a question as to the conduct of the Twenty-sixth North Carolina on the same field. Mr. Warnock said that he regarded it as "one of the most remarkable Dienst, who has the largest and most com- | instances in all history," and he explained: "That regiment was 820 strong. It had eighty-six killed and 502 wounded, making | Every Man who saw him snuggling up to a total of 586, or 71.7 per cent. That was on the first day's battle. But the most remarkable part of it was that this regiment on the third day's fight, turned up with a nually 5,000 visitors pay for admission to little remnant of 216 men out of their 820. participated in that gallant charge and came out with only eighty men left. That I regard as the most remarkable loss in history. There was a company in the regiment-Captain Tuttle's company-that went in with three officers and eighty-four men. They came out with only one officer

Charles Dickens's Toast to America.

Nevertheless again I drank my cobbler, fulep, sling or cocktail in all good will to my friend the general, and my friends the

Poem on John Brown.

Except as men may make them; But states, like men, Have destinies that take them That bear them on, not knowing why or where,

The philosophic searcher; The why and where all questionings defy. Until we find. Far back in youthful nurture. rophetic facts that constitute the why.

All merit comes From braving the unequal; Il glory comes from daring to begin. Fame loves the state, That, reckless of the sequel ights long and well, whether it lose or win.

And there is one Whose faith, whose fight, whose failing Fame shall placard upon the walls of time. He dared begin, Despite the unavailing: He dared begin when failure was a crime.

When over Africa Some future cycle shall sweep the lake-gemmed uplands with its surge When as with trumpet Of the Archangel Michael

When busy cities, Those, in constellations, Shall gleam with spires and palaces and domes, With marts wherein Is heard the noise of nations: With summer groves surrounding stately homes;

There fugitive orators To cultured freemen Shall tell of valor and recount with praise Stories of Kansas And of Lacedaemon, Cradles of freedom, then of ancient days,

ulture shall bid a colored race emerge;

From boulevards O'erlooking both Nyanzas. The statued bronze shall glitter in the sun With rugged lettering: "John Brown, of Kansas; He dared begin; He lost

But losing won." -Eugene F. Ware.

A POKER GAME.

Shutem Knight (just back from a gunning trip, absently)-Yes; won \$200

Mrs. Shutem Knight-Any big game while you were hunting?

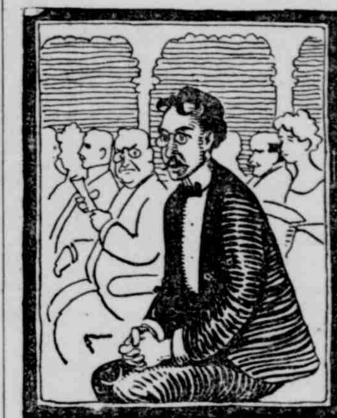
MODERN FABLES BY GEORGE ADE.

THE MODERN FABLE OF THE LONG. RANGE LOVER, THE LOLLYPALOOZER AND THE LINE OF TALK

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One evening while at a Dramatic Enter- | Names that would have been New ones on tainment consisting of twenty-two Coon her. Songs, a Rising Young Lawyer looked |. One Day he saw her on the Other side across the Parquette and nearly blinded of the Street. It made him google-eved nimself. He thought he had seen some and he walked off the Curb. Another time twenty-four-carat Tizums when he had at- she zipped past him on a Trolley. Every tended College and hung around the Fem | time he spotted her, she looked at least 40 Sem, but the Girl that he now beheld was | per cent. better than the time before. in a class by herself. She made Cleopatra look like Martha the Sewing Girl. And Venus arising from the Sea was a squizzly | partment Store and she made the others old Soap Advertisement in three element- look like the Odds and Ends of a Rummage

ary Colors. The fair Unknown had a pair of Incan- | there was enough Music in it to carry a descent Headlights that beat the Anna | whole Season of Grand Opera. A Friend Held Lithographs; a Complexion like the who was with him said that her name was Sunset Blush on a Snow-Bank, and enough | Clarice. So he told his Friend: "Any time Hair rising above her to fit out two Girls | that you read about Clarice being engaged,



NEARLY BLINDED HIMSELF.

fanned herself it could be seen that she It is very seldom that one sees anything of that kind except in the back part of a

Of course, she did not know that the Opera Glasses were being pointed at her, even by those who sat two Rows in front. If she had known that, it would have annoved her a lot. It always annoys a Young Woman who has put on \$1,200 worth of Hurrah Clothes to have a lot of Strange Men do the Waldorf-Astoria Inspection. The only thing that annoys her more than that is to have these same Goodyear Specialists overlook her entirely.

When some forty-seven would-be Lady-Stealers are giving a Circus Maiden the Grand Stand Eye she has to be in fine Conon. The Unknown was still a Bud, and yet she was thoroughly up in the Part, She was unconscious of her own Hit, and

Among the other Things she wore that Evening was a featherweight Escort who had Percy written all over him. The Men were wondering why any Peacherette with a Kentucky Shape, who could take her pick of all Mankind, should want to carry such a sad Specimen of Excess Baggage. He was one of these 90-pound Wrap-Holders who Showed his Teeth when he was pleased. He belonged out at Mother's Place in the Country feeding the White Rabbits. the Unknown hoped that he would fall down and break his Leg.

The Rising Young Attorney caromed on both sides of the Aisle when he went out, for he was still looking at the Dream. He hid behind a Billboard and saw her come



UNCONSCIOUS OF HER OWN HIT.

out with the Human Weasel. In her Opera Cloak she certainly was very easy to look at.

On his way to the Boarding House he walked two Blocks past the Place. The Unknown had him trancified. He imagined himself riding with her in a Golden Automobile through a Grove of Violets. There was a Music Box Attachment under the from sundry timid householders. When he Seat and she was fighting to hold his Hand. He came to just in time to save himself from walking into the River.

This Attorney was an emotionable Proposition. He had a high John C. Calhoun Forehead and the yearning Look of a Genius who would like to trade a College Edueation for a Meal-Ticket. From the Moment when the Goddess flashed across his Pathway, he was Stung in eight different Places. All during Business Hours he looked off into Space without seeing anything in Particular and he was thinking of | Li at his own game. He started out with Her. No Clients ever came stamping in to pull him out of his Reverie and slip him a few Retainers. He was a good Union Lover out nights. The old gentleman wanted to and put in his full 8 hours per, working up Day-Dreams. He called her a good many

> Roxbury resident, at the conclusion of this protracted interview, "I guess if you can't get in by 9 o'clock at the latest you can't come here.'

> > Two Intelligent Robins.

Minneapolis Journal. The following incident seems too remarkand supporting it on his back.

able to be true, and yet it is vouched for by a writer whose word should not be doubted. Two robins were trying to teach their little one to fly. It attempted to cover too great a distance and fell to the ground. My little boy caught it and I told him to put it on the roof of our side porch. Then he and I watched to see what the other birds would do. They fluttered about the yard for a while and then flew off. We walted for them to return, but they did not, and I had just made up my mind that they had deserted the young one when I saw them coming, accompanied by a third old one. They fiew directly to the roof of the porch, and I saw that one of them had a piece of twine in its bill. And what do you suppose they did next? If I had not seen it I would never have believed it. Two of them caught hold of the twine, one at each end, and the little one caught the middle of it in his bill. Then they flew off the porch the third robbin flying under the little one